THE WHOLE SITUATION BEGAN
TO REALLY SCARE ME.

I KNEW I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM IT
IF I DIDN'T WANT TO END UP LIKE MY MOTHER.

SO, THAT NIGHT, I TOOK IT OUTSIDE
AND LEFT IT NEXT TO A DUMPSTER.

BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP.

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT TOO MANY THINGS.

COULD I HAVE DEVELOPED SOME MENTAL ILLNESS?

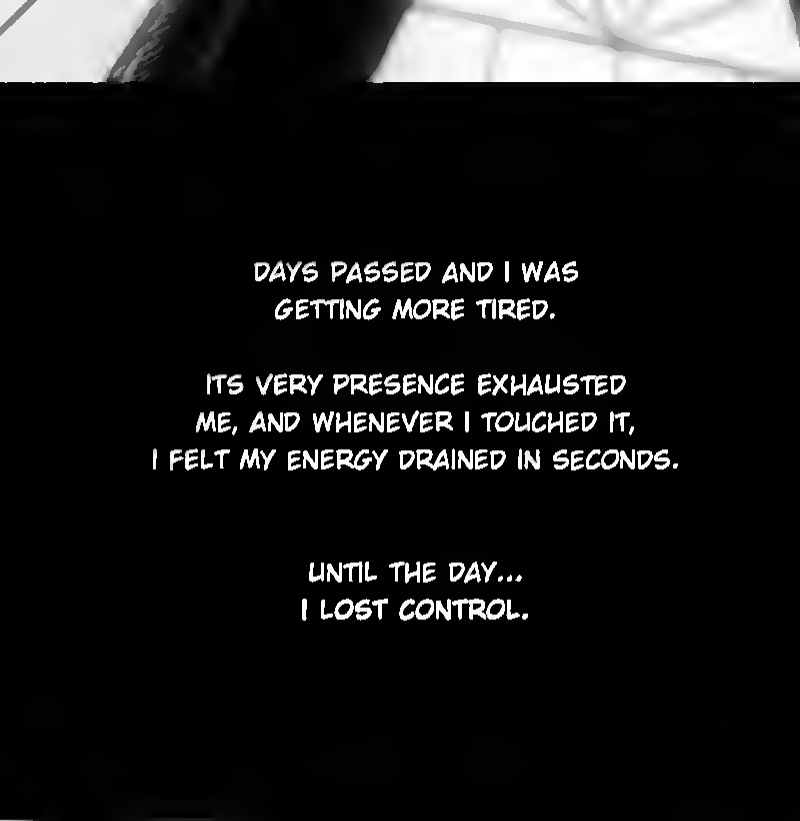
DID I MAKE A MISTAKE LEAVING EVERYTHING TO FOLLOW MY AMBITIONS?

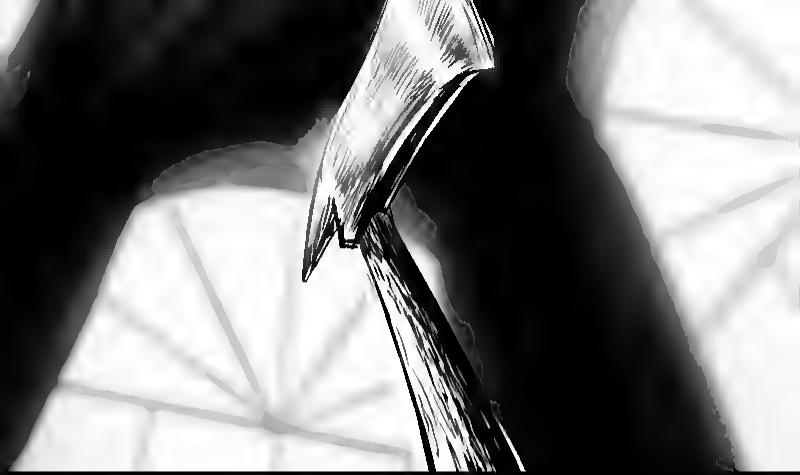
THE WHEELCHAIR
CAME BACK.

I TRIED TO GET RID OF IT

AGAIN AND AGAIN,

BUT THE CHAIR ALWAYS CAME BACK TO THAT VERY PLACE, LIKE I'D NEVER MOVED IT.


DAYS PASSED AND I WAS
GETTING MORE TIRED.
ITS VERY PRESENCE EXHAUSTED
ME, AND WHENEVER I TOUCHED IT,
I FELT MY ENERGY DRAINED IN SECONDS.
UNTIL THE DAY...
I LOST CONTROL.



HHK!!

RKK!!

EDWARD

EDWARD
SIT HERE

SIT ON YOUR
MOTHER'S
WARM LAP

A

AAAAAHHH

MARGARET CAME TO SEE ME WHEN SHE HEARD MY SCREAMS THROUGH THE WALL.

SHE ADVISED ME TO GO SEE A THERAPIST,
BUT THEN QUICKLY DIVERTED THE CONVERSATION
TO SOMETHING LESS CONSTRUCTIVE.

SHE BEGAN TALKING ABOUT HOW MEN AREN'T USED TO SUFFERING.

THAT OUR ADVANTAGES IN THE WORLD ARE A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD MAKING US WEAKER PEOPLE, COLLAPSING EASILY.

IT ANNOYED ME THAT SHE WAS MINIMIZING WHAT WAS ACTUALLY HAPPENING TO ME WITH A SPEECH AS OUT OF PLACE AS THAT.

I TRIED TO STOP LISTENING TO HER.
THE CLOCK CHIMED, AND I SWITCHED

MY FOCUS TO IT.

I WAS SURPRISED THAT A CUCKOO BIRD

had not appeared from within.

I LOOKED INSIDE IT AND I SAW SOMETHING AT THE BOTTOM.

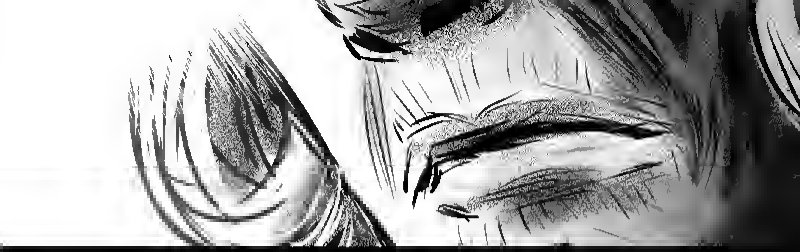
A CRUMPLED PAPER WAS BLOCKING THE CUCKOO MECHANISM.

WHEN I UNFOLD IT I DISCOVERED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH.

MARC
KILLED
ME

EDWARD,
WHAT IS THAT
PAPER?

N... NOTHING...
IT LOOKS LIKE
THE CLOCK'S
INSTRUCTIONS.



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